

10.43.301

LATER LIBRARY OF
HERSCHEL V. JONES



Do Not Photograph

March 1911

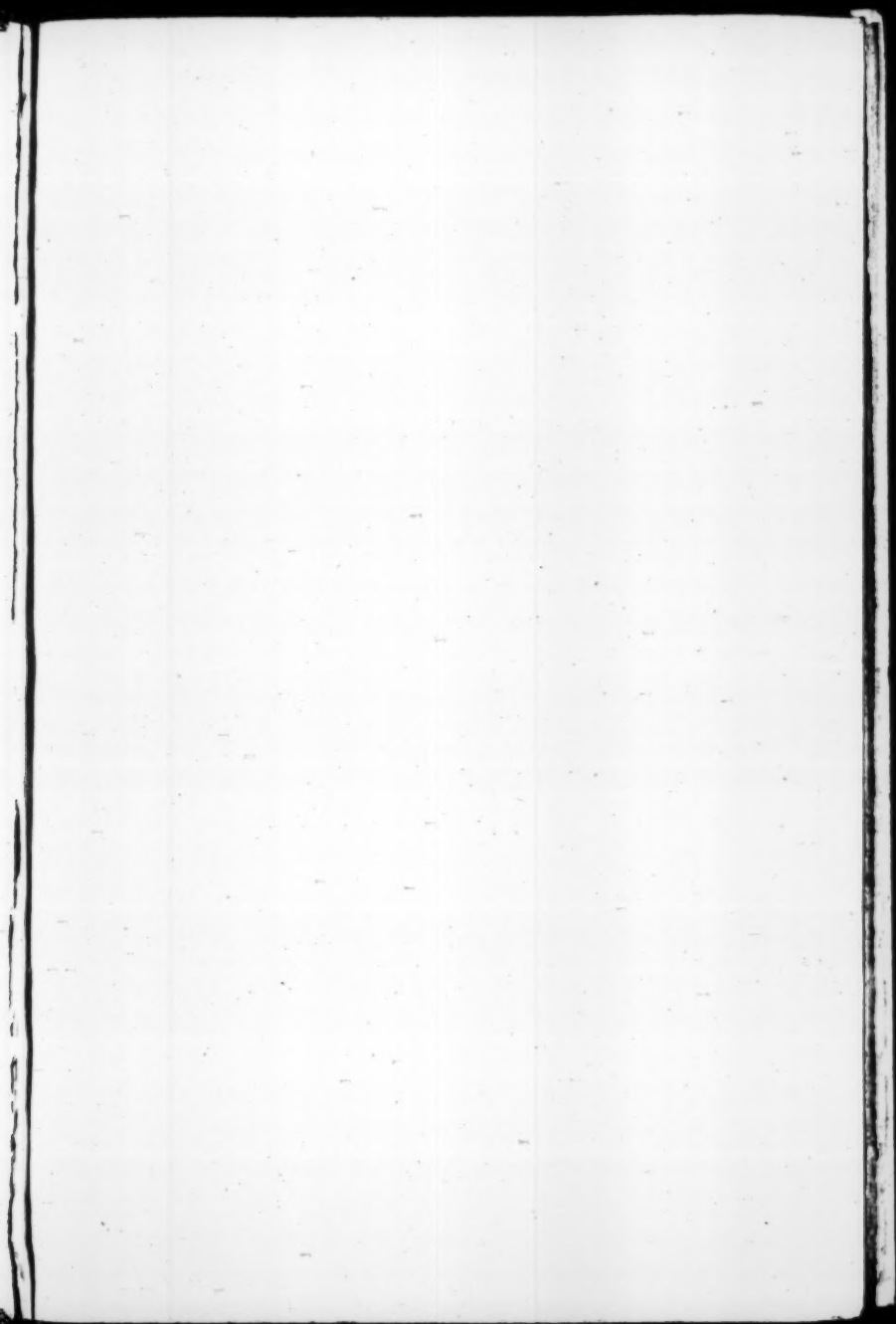
10.43.301

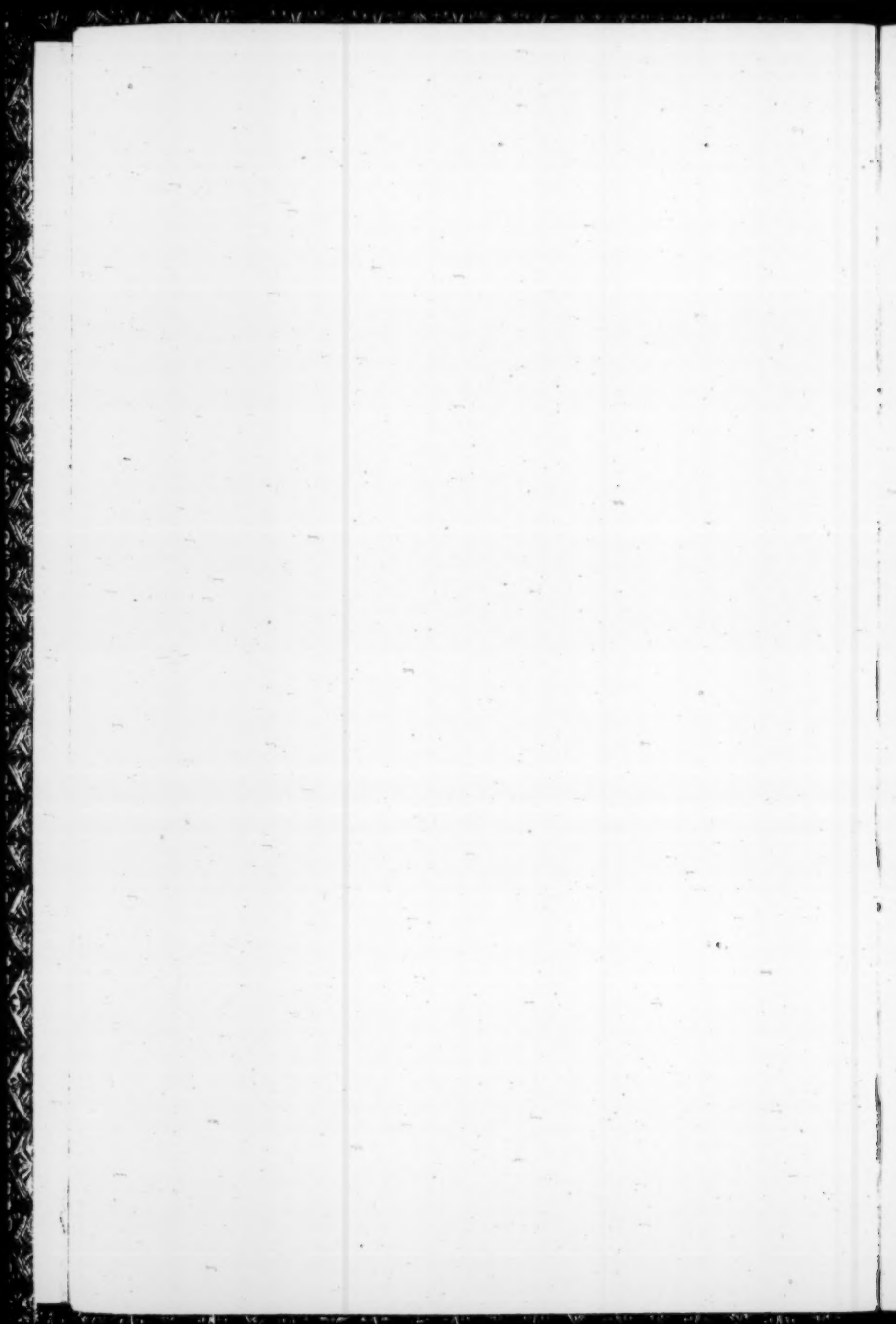
LATER LIBRARY OF
HERSCHEL V. JONES



Do Not Photograph

March 1911





252.76.43.361 70

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

IN MEMORY OF

LIONEL DE TERNSEY HARVARD

1874-1914

Jan 20, 1920

1620-1640

1646-1670

1671-1680

1681-1690

of Gilbertson, 1640-1690

THE
Life and Death of
ROSAMOND,
King *Henry* the Second's
CONCUBINE.

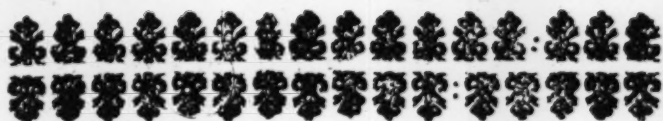
And how she was Poysoned to Death
by *Queen Elenor.*



Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

25276.43.361 *

✓



CHAP. I.

The Birth, Behaviour, and Linage of Lady
Rosamond.

There Sprang from that Antient and Noble House of the Cliffords, a beautiful Damsel, named Rosamond, daughter to the Lord Walter Clifford : her Incomparable beauty was couched in her name : she was natures Master-piece, and one of the fairest Roses that ever flourished in the Garden of the earth. This fair Lady as she grew in years, so did she grow in favour, each year adding a moiety to her perfection, who having attained some ripeness of years, her beauty was the whole discourse of the Country and City ; fame did carry the name of Rosamond upon her nimble wings into many foreign places, whereby she was not

The Life and Death

onely the publique and common discourse of our English nation, but even the table-talk of remote Countries, and forreign people. Her modesty was such, that she sought by all means to allay that far spread rumour of her beauty, by a retired life; but the more she thought to extinguish and quench that report, by sequestering her self from the eyes of men, the more she was spoken of, and the farther was her praises blown; at length her name began to bloom in Court, insomuch that there was scarce any Courtier that did not eccho forth her praises. She was so honoured among the attendants of the King, that whatsoever subject they talked of, and in what praise so ever they delibered it, they thought their discourse not full, except the closure of it was still of Rosamond: so that Rosamonds beauty, which was heretofore but Chamber talk in the Court, and was but privately whispered in peoples ears, now began to be noon-day talk, and openly spoken of, insomuch that the King took notice of her unseen, though not unheard of beauty, being desirous to behold that creature, whose unlimited and sounded praises the whole world rung of.

Chap.

C H A P. II.

How King *Henry* the Second hearing of *Rosmonds* beauty, could not rest until he had seen her, and obtained her love.

The Kings unquiet thoughts would not suffer him to rest, till he had been made an eye-witness of *Rosmonds* beauty: after some time passed, he beheld her whole countenance he had so long desired to see: and casting his eyes upon her incomparable favour, he perceived that those Encomiums which in his hearing had been bestowed on her, were but as the gloomy morning to the lightsom day, and came as far short of expressing her comeliness, as the sable night doth the glorious noon-tide, or \S blackish smoak to \S glittering flame: neither could he be satisfied only with the view of this beautiful creature, but still his boyling brest was vexed with unlawful and unbecoming thoughts: desiring that there might be some nearer familiarity and acquaintance between them: his thoughts slept not long, but many snares were by him laid to intrap her, and many

The Life and Death |

forts erected to barter her unstained purity : many persons did be set a work, soliciting her to yeld to his unchaste desires ; which solicitations were as darts cast against a brazen wall, and could not enter ; which when the King perceibed, the next opportunity that presented her unto his view, he delivers his mind to her himself, manifesting his love to her, refusing all denials, and with gracious promises, and inticing speeches, left her not till he had gotten her favor, and made her promise to fulfill his will.

CH A P. III.

The King hearing of Queen *Elenors* Jealousie, builded a Bower for *Rosamond* in *Woodstock*.

After the King had for some time enjoyed the company of his late gained Lady, *Elenor* his Queen hearing that her Lord did too much frequent the company of his loose Damoysel, and perceiving his affection to be altered & estranged from her, that was his lawful Queen, and to be fixed on the beauty of another, used all the means that a womans wit, sharpened with malice could invent, to unty

unto the fast knit bands of their affection; which malice of the Queen towards this Lady, the King soon perceived, and fearing that which afterwards hapned, lest his dear Rose should come to any untimely death, erected for her Labyrinth, within his own Palace at Woodstock in Oxfordshire, a place under ground so curiously wrought; having many turnings windings and doors belonging to it, that it was impossible, being once entred, to find the way out of it, without the guidance of a clew of thread. The charge of this place wherein this Paramour was inclosed, he committed to Sir Thomas Vaughan Knight, his sure & trusty friend.

CHAP. 4.

While the King was in France, Rosamond was poysoned by Queen Elenor.

ALTHOUGH this while the Queens malice was kindled, but now it began to shew it self, and break into flames, she had as many windows, and devices in her heart to procure the overthrow and destruction of Rosamond, as Woodstocks Bower for her safety, which devices are

The Life and Death



all set going ; and the better to affect and bring this plot to pass, she sets the Son against the fire , who by her means and instigation , raised an army against him, intending to pull the Diadem from his Fathers Head. Whilst the King is forced by his Rebellious Son, to hast to Normandy, and to absent himself from the company of his Rosamond. His Queen posts to Woodstock , and beholding the Bower where=

of the Lady *Rosamond*.

wherein Rosamond was kept, assayed to enter : and having befoze hand receibed some notice of the clew of threadd, takes it in her hand, and by its guidance is directed to the center of the Labyrinth, where she found Rosamond sitting as the Sun within that little World. fair Rosamond, when she beheld the gaskly visage and meagure countenance of the jealous Queen, confess her fault, and craved pardon for her offences : But all in vain, for nothing could appease her fury, nor quench her thirst, but the blood of Rosamond, who was by her in that place deprived of life by a Cup of Poyson, for depriving her of the favour of her King. She was buried at Godstow in Oxfordshire, where she had a statelie monument raised, with this following Epiraph on it, which was demolished by a certain Bishop of that Diocess, not thinking it fit so ill a liver should have so fair a Tomb in so sacred a place.

Her



Her Epitaph.

THe Rose of the World,
But not the clean Flower,
Is here now graven,
To whom beauty was lent,
In this Grave full sure,
Now is her Bower,
Thus by her life was
Sweet and Redolent.
But now that she is
From her life blent,
Though she were sweet,
Now fowly doth she stink ;
A Mirrour good, for all
That on her think.

A

A Mournful

DITTY

Of the Fair Lady

Rosamond; King *Henry* the
Seconds, Concubine;

Who was Poysoned to death by Q. *Elenor*,
in *Woodstock* Bower, neer *Oxford*.



VVhen as K. Henry rul'd this land,
the second of that name ;

Besides

The Life and Death

Besides the Queen he dearly lov'd,
a fair and Princely Dame :
Most peerless was her beauty found,
her favour and her face,
A sweeter creature in the world
did never Prince embrace.

Her crisped locks like threads of gold,
appear'd to each mans sight,
Her comely eyes like orient Pearls
did cast a heavenly light :
The blood within her chrystal cheeks,
did such a colour give,
As if the Lilly and the Rose
for Mastership did strive.

Pea, Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
her name was called so,
To whom Dame Elenor our Queen,
was known a mortal foe :
The King therefore for her defence
against this furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a Bower
the like was never seen.

Most curiously this Bower was built,
of stone and timber strong,

An

of the Lady *Rosamond*.

An hundred and fifty dooꝝs,
did to this Bower belong :
And they so cunningly contri'd,
with turnings round about,
That none but with a Clew of Thꝛead,
could enter in oꝛ out.

And foꝛ his Love and Ladies sake,
that was so fair and bꝛight,
The keeping of that Bower he gave,
unto a worthy Knight :
But foꝛtune that doth often frown,
where she befoꝛe did smile,
The Kings delight, and Ladies joy,
full soen she did beguile.

For why, the Kings ungracious Son,
whom he did high advance,
Against his ffather raised Wars,
within the Realm of France.
And yet befoꝛe our comely King,
the English Land foꝛsook,
Of Rosamond his Lady fair,
his last farewel he took.

O Rosamond the onely Rose
that pleaseſt beſt mine eye,

The

of the Lady *Rosamond*.

The fairest Rose in all the world,
to feed my fantasie :
The flower of my affected heart,
whose sweetness doth excell,
My Royal Rose a thousand times,
I bid thee now farewell.

For I must leave my famous flower,
my sweetest rose a space,
And cross the Seas to famous France,
proud Rebels to abase :
But yet my Rose be sure thou shalt
my coming shortly see,
And in my heart while hence I am,
I'll bear my rose with me.

When Rosamond the Lady fair,
did hear the King say so,
The sorrows of her grieved heart,
her outward looks did show :
And from her clear and chrystal eyes,
the tears gusht out apace,
Which like the silver pearled dew,
ran down her comely face.

Her lips like to the Coral red,
did wax both wan and pale,

And

The Life and Death

And for the sorrow she conceiv'd,
her vital spirits did fail :
And falling down all in a swoond,
before King Henries face,
Full oft within his Princely arms,
her body did embrace.

And twenty times with watry eyes,
he kiss her tender Cheek,
Until he had receiv'd again,
her sences mild and meek :
Why grieves my Rose my sweetest Rose
the King did often say,
Because, quoth she, to bloody Wars,
my Lord must part away.

But sth your Grace in foreign Coasts
amongst your foes unk/nd,
Must go to hazard life and limb,
why should I stay behind ?
Pay rather let me like a Page,
your sword and target bear,
That on my Breast, the blow may light,
that should offend you there.

O let me in your Royal tent,
prepare your bed at night,

And

The Life and Death

And with sweet bathes refresh your grace,
at your return from fight :
So I your presence may enjoy,
no toyl I will refuse,
But wanting you my life is death
which doth true love abuse.

Content thy self my dearest love,
thy rest at home shall be,
In Englands sweet and pleasant soyl,
for trauel fits not thee :
fair Ladies brook no bloody Wars,
sweet peace their pleasure breed,
The nourisher of hearts content,
which fancy first did feed.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstock Bower
with Musick sweet delight,
While I among the piercing Pikes,
against my foes do fight :
My Rose in Robes of Pearl and Gold,
with Diamonds richly dight,
Shall dance the Galliard of my love
while I my foes do smite.

And you sir Thomas whom I trust,
to be my lobes defence,

of the Lady *Rosamond*.

We careful of my Royal Rose,
When I am parted hence :
And therewithal he fetcht a sigh,
as though his heart would break,
And Rosamond for very grief,
not one plain word could speak.



The Life and Death

And at their parting well they might
in heart be grieved sore,
After that day, fair Rosamond
the King did see no more :
And when his Grace had past the Seas,
and into France was gone,
Queen Elenor with envious heart,
to Woodstock come anon.

And forth she cal'd this trusty Knight,
who kept this curious Bower,
Who with this tlew of twined thread
came from this famous flower :
And when that they had wounded him,
the Queen this thread did get,
And went where Lady Rosamond
was like an Angel set.

But when the Queen with stedfast eyes,
beheld her heavenly face,
She was amazed in her mind,
at her exceeding grace :
Cast off thy Rob's from thee she said
that rich and costly be,
And bring thou up this deadly draught,
which I have brought for thee.

But

of the Lady Rosamond.

But presently upon her knee,
sweet Rosamond did fall,
And pardon of the Queen she crav'd,
for her offences all :
Take pittie on my youthful years
fair Rosamond did cry,
And let me not with payson strong,
enforced be to dye.

I will renounce this sinful life
and in a Cloyster bide,
Or else be banisht if you please
to range the world so wide :
And for that fault which I have done,
though I was forc'd thereto,
Preserue my life and punish me,
as you thinke good to do.

And with these words her lilly hands
she wrung full often there,
And down a long her comely face,
proceeded many a tear :
But nothing could this furious Queen,
therewith appeased be,
The cup of deadly payson fill'd,
as she sat on her knee.

The Life and Death

She gave that comely Dame to drinke,
Who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
and on her feet did stand :
And casting up her eyes to Heaven,
She did for mercy call,
And drinkeing up the poyson strong,
her life she lost withal.

And when that death through every limb
had done her greatest spight,
Her chiefest foes did plain confesse
she was a glorious wight ;
Her body then they did entomb,
when life was fled away,
At Woodstock neer to Oxford Town,
as may be seen this day.



of the Lady Rosamond.



C H A P. V.

The Conclusion.



Thus you may see the fickle and un-
constant state of those that are in-
habitants

The Life and Death, &c.

habitants, in this unsettled Decayed world, though they are receiv'd into the favour of Princess, and are made companions with them in Nightly Sleeps; yet all this is presently forgotten, and when once their frail and mortal bodies fall upon the Earth, all their pomp and Honour perishest, and is buried with them. Rosamond she that was so highly exalted in her Princes favour, one small drop of popson lays her as low as the Earth, and she that was the onely Flower and Rose to please and delight the smell of a King, in comparison of whom, his rich Demanders and costly Odours were unsavoury; yet now of her remains nothing good, only an ill and noysome odour to all posterity, according unto her Epitaph which was Ingraven on her Tomb at Godstow, where she was most sumptuously Interred.

F I N I S.

